

TWO Beloved Young

(2)

EPISTLES

TO

Mr. *P O P E*,

Concerning the

AUTHORS of the AGE.

By the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL
PASSION.



D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakespear's Head*,
GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel and Bible*, And,
WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Booksellers in
Dame's-street, 1730.

TWO
EPISTLES

TO
MR. POPE

Concerning the
AUTHORS of the
PREFACE of the
UNIVERSAL
CLASSIC



DUBLIN
Printed for
The Author by
Gordon & Co. Stationers
in the Strand
1740



EPISTLE I.

TO

Mr. *POPE*.



Hilft You at *Twick'nam* plan the future
Wood,

On turn the Volumes of the Wise and
Good,

Our Senate meets ; at Parties, Parties
bawl,

'And Pamphlets stun the Streets, and load the Stall.

So rushing Tides bring things obscene to light,

Foul wrecks emerge, and dead Dogs swim in sight ;

The civil Torrent foams, the Tumult reigns,

And *Codrus*' prose works up, and *Lico*'s strains.

A 2

Lo!

Lo! what from *Cellars* rise, what rush from high,
 Where Speculation roosted near the Sky;
 Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,
 And all the *Garret* thunders on the Throng!

O *Pope*! I burst, nor can, nor will refrain,
 I'll write, let Others in their Turn complain;
 Truce, truce ye *Vandals*! my tormented Ear
 Less dreads a Pillory, than Pamphleteer;
 I've heard my self to death: and plagu'd each hour,
 Shan't I return the Vengeance in my pow'r?
 For who can write the True Absurd like me?—
 Thy Pardon *Codrus*! who I mean but Thee?

Pope! if like mine or *Codrus* were thy Stile,
 The Blood of Vipers had not stain'd thy File;
 Merit less solid, less Despise had bred,
 They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*,
Fame is a publick Mistress, none enjoys,
 But more, or less, his Rival's peace destroys;
 With *Fame* in just proportion *Envy* grows,
 The Man that makes a Character, makes Foes;
 Slight, peevish Insects round a Genius rise,
 As a bright Day awakes the World of Flies;

With

E P I S T L E I,

5

With hearty Malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting :
 But as by depredations Wasps proclaim
 The fairest Fruit, so these the fairest Fame.

Shall we not censure all the motly Train,
 Whether with Ale irriguous, or Champaign ?
 Whether they tread the Vale of Prose, or climb,
 And whet their Appetites on Cliffs of Rhyme ;
 The College Sloven, or embroidered Spark,
 The purple Prelate, or the parish Clerk,
 The quiet *Quidnunc*, or demanding Prig,
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad ;
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ;
 Men that read well, or Men that only write :
 Whether Peers, Porters, Taylors, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ;
 For Bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As Maggots crawl from out a perish'd Nut,
 His Hammer This, and that his Trowel quits,
 And wanting Sense for Tradesmen, serve for Wits,

By

By thriving men subsists each other Trade,
 Of every *broken* Craft a *Writer's* made :
 Thus his Material, Paper, takes its birth,
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
 Hail fruitful *Isle!* to thee alone belong
 Millions of Wits, and Brokers in old Song ;
 Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,
 Where all are free to Scandal, and to Shame :
 Thy Sons by print, may set their hearts at ease,
 And be mankind's Contempt whene're they please ;
 Like trodden Filth, their vile, and abject Sense
 Is unperceiv'd but when it gives Offence.
 Their heavy Prose our injur'd Reason tires,
 Their Verse immoral kindles loose Desires ;
 Our Age they puzzle, and corrupt our Prime,
 Our Sport and Pity, Punishment and Crime.

What glorious Motives urge our Authors on,
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone ?
 One loses his Estate, and down he sits,
 To shew (in vain !) he still retains his Wits.
 Another marries, and his Dear proves keen,
 He writes, as an *Hypnotick* for the Spleen.

Some write confin'd by Physick, some by Debt,
Some, for 'tis Sunday, some because 'tis Wet;
Thro' private pique some do the Publick right,
And love their King and Country out of Spight.
Another writes, because his Father writ,
And proves himself a Bastard by his Wit.

Has *Lico*, Learning, Humour, Thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty Pound.
His belly, not his brains this impulse give;
He'll grow Immortal, for he cannot live.
He rubs his awful front, and takes his Ream,
With no provision made but of his Theme;
Perhaps a *Title* has his Fancy smit,
Or a quaint *Motto*, which he thinks has Wit.
He writes, in Inspiration puts his trust,
Tho' wrong his Thoughts, the *Gods* will make them
Just:

Genius directly from the *Gods* descends,
And who by labour would distrust his *friends*?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In Immortality he dips his Quill;
And since blank Paper is deny'd the Press,
He mingles the whole Alphabet by guets.

In various fetts which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the *Sybil* broke,
Dark to her self the wonders which she spoke;
The Priests found out the meaning if they could,
And Nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited (the whole
And great concern of an immortal Soul!
Oft have I said, "Awake! Exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to Loiter is to live!
As oft I overheard the *Dæmon* say!
Who daily met the Loit'rer in his way,
I'll meet the Youth at Whise's: The Youth replies
I'll meet thee there, and falls his Sacrifice,
His Fortune squander'd leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry Bribe, and blind to ev'ry Snare:
Clodio for bread his Indolence must quit,
Or turn a Soldier, or commence a Wir.
Such Heroes have we! all, but Life, they stake;
How must *Spain* tremble, and the *German* shake?
Such Writers have we! all, but Sense, they print;
Ev'n *George's* Praise is dated from the *Mint*.

EPISTLE I.

In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such Swords, such Pens, disgrace a Monarch's reign;
Reform your lives, before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal*) Coelestial Fire.

Oh the just Contrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *Pindaric* life;
They write with Phlegm, but then they live with Fire;
They cheat the Lender, and their works the Buyer.

I reverence Misfortune, not deride;
I pity Poverty, but laugh at Pride.
For who so sad, but must some Mirth confess
At gay *Castruchio's* miscellaneous dress?
Tho' there's but *one* of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten Editions of his old lac'd Coat.

Tho' *Lico's* shoulders shrink in tatter'd Freeze,
The man, at least, is happy to the Knees;
He stands erect on silken, scarlet legs,
His Figure bullies, tho' his Fortune begs,
But let from Envy This the World secure,
They wou'd not be so rich, but that they're Poor!

Such serious men, whose business 'tis to write,
Methinks should only deal in black and white.

These, Nature's Commoners, who want a Home,
Claim the wide World for their majestick Dome;
They make a private Study of the street,
And looking full on every man they meet,
Run soule against his chops; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these Bards be rapt into the Skies?
You need not read, you feel their Extasies.

Will they persist? 'tis Madness; *Lintot* run;
See them confin'd—"O that's already done",
Most, as by Leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est Ulbris, they cry, and write again,

Such Wits their Nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce Just Judges Learning's Foes;
O frail conclusion! the Reverse is true.
If foes to Learning, they'd be friends to you.

Treat

Treat them, ye Judges! with an honest Scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true Good-nature in your Disrespect,
In justice to the Good, the Bad neglect.
For Immortality if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But Oh, what Wisdom can convince a Fool,
But that 'tis Dulness to conceive him Dull?
'Tis sad Experience takes the Censors part,
Conviction, not from Reason, but from Smart.

A Virgin-Author, recent from the Press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great Success:
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and Glory in his head.
'Tis Joy too great, a fever of Delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night,
But rising the next morn to clasp his Fame,
He finds, that without sleeping he cou'd dream:
So Sparks (they say) take Goddesses to bed,
And find next day the Devil in their stead.

In vain *Advertisements* the town o'er spread;
 Their Epitaphs, and say the Work is dead,
 Who press for Fame, but small recruits will raise,
 'Tis *Volunteers* alone can give the Bays.

A famous Author visits a Great Man,
 Of his immortal work displays the Plan,
 And says, " Sir, I'm your Friend; all fear dismiss;
 " Your Glory, and my own, shall live by This;
 " Your Pow'r is fixt, your fame thro' Time convey'd,
 " And *Britain Europe's* Queen—if I am pay'd,
 A Statesman has his answer in a thrice;
 " Sir, such a Genius is beyond all price,
 " What man can pay for this? "—Away he turns;
 His work is folded, and his bosom burns.
 His Patron he will patronize no more;
 But rushes like a Tempest out of door.
 Lost is the Patriot, and extinct his name!
 Out comes the Piece, Another, and the same;
 For A, his magick Pen evokes an O,
 And turns the tide of *Europe* on the Foe.
 He rams his quill with Scandal and with Scoff,
 But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:

EPISTLE I.

13

Dreadful his Thunders, while unprinted, roar,
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more:
Thus distant Bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The Block's a Block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can these oblige, whose heads and hearts are such?
No, every Party's tainted by their touch,
Infected persons fly each publick place;
And none, or Enemies alone, embrace.
To the foul Fiend their every Passion's sold,
They love, and hate, extempore, for Gold.
What Image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and Rage, a Puddle in a Storm.
Rest they in peace? if you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your Sails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? the Tempest quickly flags,
A *State-Ulysses* tames 'em with his Bags;
Let him be what he will, *Turk, Pagan, Jew*:
For *Christian* Ministers of State are few,

Behind the Curtain lurks the Fountain head
That pours his Politicks thro' pipes of Lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er Tea and Coffee, poyson to the Rout.

But

But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The Statesman throws his Filthy Squirts away!

With golden forceps, These, Another takes,
And State-Elixirs of the Vipers makes.

The richest Statesmen want wherewith to pay
A servile Sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the Wretch to be so base:
Nor can the greatest Pow'rs enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh, how much it stains their cause.

But are our Writers ever in the wrong?
Does Virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes, if well brib'd, for Virtue-they fight;
Still in the wrong, tho' Champions for the Right:
Who're their Crimes for Interest only quit,
Sin on in Virtue, and good Deeds commit.

Nought but Inconstancy Britannia meets
And broken Faith, in their abandon'd Sheets;
From the same hand how various is the Page?
What civil War their Brother pamphlets wage?

Tracts battle Tracts self, contradictions glare;
Say is this Lunacy? — I wish it were.
If such our Writers, startled at the Sight,
Felons may bless their Stars, they cannot write!

How justly *Proterus*' Transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern Wit?
Now, such a gentle *stream* of Eloquence
As seldom rises to the Verge of Sense;
Now, by mad rage transform'd into a *Flame*,
Which yet fit Engines well apply'd can tame;
Now, on immodest Trash the *Swine Obscene*
Invites the Town to sup at *Drury-Lane*;
A dreadful *Lion*, now, he roars at Pow'r,
Which sends him to his Brothers at the Tow'r;
He's, now, a *Serpent*, and his double Tongue
Salutes, nay licks the Feet of those he stung.
What Knot can bind him, his Evasion such?
One Knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The Flood, Flame, Swine, the Lyon, and the Snake,
Those fivefold Monsters, modern Authors make.
The *Snake* reigns most; Snakes, *Pliny* says, are bred,
When the brain's perish'd, in a Human head,

Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat Things,
 Made up of Venom, Volumes, Stains, and Stings!
 Thrown from the *Tree of Knowledge*, like you, curst
 To scribble in the dust, was Snake the First.
 Crooked your ways, entangled is your Pen,
 Ye Sport of Schoolboys! and ye dread of Men!
 But tho' Men start, some silly Nymphs you please,
 Who think all Wits, who play the fool with ease,
 And now their Tea, their Toilet now you deck,
 Glide in the bosom, or curl round the neck,
 A Dragon thus the fair *Olympia* preßt,
 Charm'd with his spotted Pride, and brazen Crest.

What, if the *Figure* shou'd in *Fact* prove true?
 It did in *Elkenah*, why not in You?
 Poor *Elkenah*, all other Changes past,
 For bread, in *Smithfield Dragons* hift at last,
 Spit streams of fire, to make the Butchers gape,
 And found his Manners suited to his Shape:
 Such is the Fate of talents misapply'd,
 So liv'd your *prototype*, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd Manners of our writing Train,
 May tempt mankind to think Religion vain;

But in their Fate, their Habit, and their Mein,
 That Gods there are, is eminently seen:
 Heaven's stands absolv'd by Vengeance on their Pen,
 And marks the Murderers of Fame, from Men.

Thro' meager jaws they draw their venal breath,
 As ghastly as their Brothers in *Macbeth*.
 Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
 And oftner chang'd their Principles than Shirt:
 The transient Vestments of these frugal Men
 Hasten to Paper for our mirth again.
 Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
 They beg in Rhyme, and warble thro' a Grate:
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the Sight;
 The Friend thro' pity gives, the Foe thro' Spight;
 And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor *Curl* can wish them worse.
 So fare the Men, who Writers dare commence
 Without their Patent, Probity and Sense.

From *these*, their Politicks our *Quidnunc's* seek,
 And *Saturday's* the learning of the Week.
 These labouring Wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat Essays,

Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
And hem, at every thump upon your Skull.

These staunch-bred Writing-hounds begin the Cry,
And honest Folly eccho's to the Lye.

O how I laugh, when I a Blockhead see,

Thanking a Villain for his *Probity*,

Who stretches out a most respectful ear,

With snares for Woodcocks in his holy leer.

It tickles thro' my Soul, to hear the Cock's

Sincere Encomium, on his Friend the Fox,

Sole Patron of his *Liberties*, and *Rights* !

While graceless *Reynard* listens—till he bites,

As when the Trumpet sounds, th' o'er-loaded State

Discharges all her Poor, and Profligate ;

Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons weild,

And *Prisons* pour their filth into the field ;

Thus Nature's refuse, and the Dregs of men,

Compose the black Militia of the Pen.

Nought can restrain such Ruffians from a Knife,

And a dark Ally, but regard for life ;

Nought but rank Cowardice secures our Throats,

From Bravo's at their *Pens*, and in their *Votes*.

E P I S T L E II.

Such are our Teachers, *Britain!* go to School,
To ballance *Europe*, learn from Knave, and Fool.

E P I S T L E II.

From OXFORD.

ALL write at *London*; — shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the *Muses*
Seat?

Where, mortal or immortal as they please,
The Learn'd may chuse Eternity, or Ease?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wisely strove
To wooe the Muse in her *Athenian* Grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious Shell,
And giv'n new Tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let *these* instruct, with Truth's illustrious ray
Awake the World, and scare our Owls away:
From *Rome* and *Greece*, ye genuine Sons of Fame,
Draw Light, and pour on Us the noble flame.

Mean while, O Friend! indulge me if I give
Some needful Precepts how to *write* and *live*;

* His late Majesty's Benefaction for modern Languages:

Serious shou'd be an Author's final views ;
Who write for pure Amusement, ne'er amuse.

An *Author* ? 'tis a Venerable Name !
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim ;
Unblest with Sense above their Peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *Dictators* to Mankind ?
Nay who dare *shine*, if not in *Virtue's* cause ?
That sole Proprietor of just Applause.

Ye Restless men ! who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the Bays ?—
With those great Authors whose fam'd works you read ?
'Tis well : Go then, consult the laurel'd Shade.
What answer will the laurel'd Shade return ?
Hear it and tremble ! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd Genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *Wit*,
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page that has not that to plead !
Fontaine and *Chaucer*, dying, wish't unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought ;
Sidney and *Waller*, brightest Sons of fame,
Condemn'd the charm of Ages to the flame :
And in one point is all true Wisdom cast,
To think that *early*, we must think *at last*.

Immortal

Immortal Wits, ev'n *dead*, break Nature's laws,
 Injurious still to Virtue's sacred cause,
 And their guilt growing as their bodies rot,
 (Reverse Ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *Fame*: Does Lucre then,
 The sacred *Thirst* of Gold, betray your Pen?
 In Prose 'tis blameable, in Verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the Muse, extorts *Apollo's* curse;
 His sacred Influence never shou'd be sold,
 'Tis arrant *Simony* to sing for Gold:
 'Tis Immortality shou'd fire your mind;
 Scorn a less Paymaster than all Mankind.

If Bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing Tribe!
 Who writes for Virtue has the largest bribe:
 All's on the Party of the Virgious man,
 The Good will surely serve him, if they can;
 The Bad, when Interest or Ambition guide,
 And 'tis at once their *Interest*, and their *Pride*:
 But should both fail to take him to their Care,
 He boasts a Greater Friend, and both may spare.

Renounce Corruption then, take Virtue's part,
 'Twill fire the head, and fortify the heart,
 'Twill doubly warm you to espouse the Right,
 And doubly warm'd, men put forth double might.

Yet

Yet more, believe a truth to You severe,
 No mortal can write well, but who's *sincere*;
 In all that charms or strongly moves, the Heart
 Must aid the Head, and bear the greater part.
 Can they, tho' tongu'd as Angels sweet, persuade
 The Soul to day, who Yesterday *betray'd*?
 Wit in a *Knave*, my Brethren! is no more
 Than Beauty, in a rank, abandon'd *Whore*.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
 And what is Virtue but superior Sense?
 In Parts and Learning You who place your Pride,
 Your Faults are Crimes, your Crimes are double-dy'd.
 What is a Scandal of the first renown,
 But letter'd *Knaves*, and *Archeists* in a Gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest Sense;
 Each shallow pate that cannot read your Name,
 Can read your Life, and will be proud to blame.
 Flagitious Manners make impressions deep
 On those, that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep:
 Nor in their Dulness think to save your Shame,
 True, these are Fools, but *Wise* men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of Men
If they confine their talents to the Pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.

Yet proud of parts, with Prudence some dispense,
And play the Fool because they're men of Sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to Ruin by their *Genius* brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely thro' Want of Wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn by making it so rare,
That Wit's a Jewel which we need not wear;
Of plain sound *Sense* life's current Coin is made,
With that we drive the most substantial Trade;
Outlaw'd of choice, all Fortune's paths you quit;
Our Courts know no such Creature as a Wit.
Substance you slight, and shadows you adore;
Wits you may be, but Fools cou'd do no more.

Prudence protects and guides us, Wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay Prerogative from common sense;

Unless

Unless strong Judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break, to paths of Virtue and of Fame.

But grant your Judgment equal to the Best,
Sense fills your head and Genius fires your Breast;
Yet still forbear: Your Wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of Place or Power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an Author's name,
Think private merit less than publick fame,
And fancy, not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great Prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be Good, yet not deserve the Press;
Who write, an awful Character profess;
The World as Pupil of their Wisdom claim,
And for their Stipend, an Immortal Fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Shou'd dare ask publick Audience of Mankind.

Severely

E P I S T L E II.

225

Severely weigh your Learning and your Wit;
 Keep down your Pride by what is nobly writ;
 No Writer fam'd in your own way pass o'er;
 Much trust Example, but Reflection more;
 More had the Antients writ, they more had taught,
 Which shews some Work is left for modern Thought.

This weigh'd; Perfection know, and known adore,
 Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more;
 Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
 And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and re-write, blot out, and write again,
 And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
 Leave to the Jockeys that *New-market* praise,
 Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the Bays.
Much time for *Immortality* to pay,
 Is just and wise: For less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the Father, and the Midwife Pain:
 The same good sense that makes a man excel,
 Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
 Downright *Impossibilities* they seek,
 What man can be *Immortal* in a Week?

Excuse no *fault*, tho' beautiful, 'twill harm;
 One Fault shocks more than twenty Beauties charm.
 Our Age demands Correctness; *Addison*
 And *You*, this commendable hurt have done.
 Now Writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
 The *Whole* is Mortal, if a *Part*'s unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
 Pours lustre in, and dignifies the Rest:
 Give e're so little, if what's Right be there,
 We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*;
 The part you burn, smells sweet before the Shrine,
 And is as Incense to the Part Divine.

Nor *frequent* write, tho' you can do it well,
 Men may too *oft*, tho' not too *much* excel.
 A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
 Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
 They granted you writ well, what can they more,
 Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
 Pant you for Praise? 'twas theirs who now write ill,
 Had they but took the pains of Lying still.

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
 Smile if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.

So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes except his Friends.

Let *Satire* less engage you, than *Applause*;
It shews a generous mind to wink at Flaws:
Is Genius yours? be yours a glorious End,
Be your *King's*, *Country's*, *Truth's*, *Religion's* friend;
The publick Glory by your own beget;
Run Nations, run Posterity in Debt.
But since the Fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that Glory you presume to give.

If *Satire* charms, strike faults, but spare the man,
'Tis Dull to be as Witty as you can,
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high,
Round your own Fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft Plume gives Swiftneſs to the Dart,
Good breeding ſends the *Satire* to the Heart.

Painters and Surgeons may the *structure* scan,
Genius and *Morals* be with you the *Man*:
Defaults in those alone shou'd give offence;
Who strikes the *Person*, pleads his Innocence.
My narrow-minded *Satire* can't extend
To *Codrus*' Form, I'm not so much his Friend.

Himself shou'd publish that (the World agree)
 Before his Works, or in the Pillory.
 Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin or fat,
 Dirty or clean, I find no Theme in that.
 Is that call'd *Humour*? it has this pretence,
 'Tis neither Virtue, Breeding, Wit, or Sense.
 Unless you boast the Genius of a *Swift*,
 Beware of *Humour*, the Dull Rogue's last shift.

Nor steal your Subjects from old *Greece* or *Rome*,
 Copy their *Art*, but find your *Faults* at Home.
 It is gross Flattery to seek them There;
 Each Age, all Climates a fresh Harvest bear.
 Lash reigning Follies where all Follies rage,
 And with sound Morals consecrate your Page.

Can others write like you? your task give o'er,
 'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
 If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
 They're Duplicates, and twenty are but one.
 Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn
 Men's manners o'er, and half your Volumes burn:
 Dare be your selves, Originals are all;
 Great such Attempts, nay glorious is their Fall.

To nurse with quick reflection, be your strife,
 Thoughts born from present Objects, warm from Life:
 When most unfought, such Inspirations rise,
 Slighted by Fools, and cherish'd by the Wise:
 Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
 These make an Author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
 Hence unexperienc'd Children of Threescore,
 True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
 And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Our *Easy Writers* from this fault proceed,
 A smooth, emasculate, tun'd, Eunuch-breed:
Britains are Grave, and Solid; and a *Dance*
 Far better may import, than *Thoughts* from *France*.

O'erdo not *Naiiveté*; 'tis apt to lull;
 You know, 'tis vety Natural to be dull.
 Write *not* like *Gentlemen*, with ease exceeding,
 Such easy writing is not easy reading.
 To say thing *rare* and *excellent* with ease,
 Not *trite* and *tasteless*, is the way to please.
 In *fluent* stile to pour *uncommon* Sense,
 Is the short Whole of *Sacred Eloquence*.

Think

Think with the few, the many are your own;
 Think with the many and be heard by none.

Nor be to *present time* your View confin'd,
 Nor for one Nation write, but for mankind;
 On late *Posterity* your thought let fall,
 And with a just Ambition grasp the Ball;
 Thro' Scenes of future Being let it stray,
 For Truth shall shine, when Planets shall decay.

Letters admit not of a half-renown,
 They give you *nothing*, or they give a *Crown*.
 No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of Man.

Weighty the *Subject*, cogent the *Discourse*,
 Clear be the *Stile*, the very *Sound* of force,
 Easy the *Conduct*, simple the *Design*,
 Striking the *Moral*, and the *Soul* Divine:
 Let Nature, Art; and Judgment, Wit, exceed;
 O'er Learning Reason reign; o'er That, your *Creeds*:
 Thus *Virtue's Seeds* at once, and *Laurels*, grow;
 Do thus, and rise a *Pope*, or a *Despreau*.

And

And when your Genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your Lines:
 Parts but expose those men who Virtue quit,
 A fallen Angel is a fallen Wit;
 And they plead *Lucifer's* detested Cause,
 Who for bare Talents challenge our applause,
 Would you restore just Honours to the Pen?
 From able Writers *rife* to worthy Men.

- * Who's this with Nonsense, Nonsense would restrain?
- * Who's this, (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
- * Who damns our Trash, with so much Trash replete?
- * As three Ells round, huge *Ch—ne* rails at Meat?

Shall I, with *Bavius* then, my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one Fault?
 With huge *Examens* overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatick rage?
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
 In prose a duller cou'd excuse the crime?
 Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At That Tribunal stands the writing Tribe,
 Which nothing can Intimidate, or Bribe,

Time is the Judge; *Time* has nor Friend, nor Foe;
 False Fame *must* wither, and the true will grow.
 Arm'd with this Truth, all Criticks I defy;
 For if I fall by my own Pen I die;
 While Snarlers strive, with proud but fruitless pen,
 To wound *Immortals*, or to slay the slain.

Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
 Of twenty Pamphlets levell'd at my head,
 Thus have I forg'd a Buckler in my brain
 Of recent form, to serve me this Campaign;
 And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
 Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my Shield,
 Unless dire *Codrus* rouses to the fray
 In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a Flock of Geese, and on the Green,
 Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
 (Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiss*, not bite;
 So war the Quills, when *Sons of Dulness* write.

F I N I S.